



READ THIS
OR THE
CHICKEN
GETS IT!

Barnyard Hens, Eggs and Women.

I have a ‘chicken hen flock’ theory about women. Not all of them, just the annoying, copycat, status quo type one daily encounters most everywhere. Anyone who has ever lived on a farm with chickens knows that when one hen lays an egg, she begins squawking her accomplishment to the whole farm. Mother hen attracts attention to her. When the other birds notice the whole barnyard erupts into a cacophony of hen chatter, and no one can tell who owns the egg. Women are like that. In the 1960’s a rock and roll group named the Beatles, to attract attention, always had masses of hysterical girls screaming and swooning in their live performance audiences. Hundreds of young, frantic, women all competing with each other of whom could swoon and squawk the loudest; I suspect not everyone in the audience started out that way; however group dynamics is catching and at some point the tame ones went wild with the rest. Soon various media stars had hysterical, collapsing, young girls going bat-shit crazy during their public performances, as well. Why should the Beatles get all the attention and fame? Cameras focused as much on audience screamers as they did the playing band as if to say, see – everybody’s doing it. About then a station break hawked some product, service, or even Herman’s Hermits records. Why should the Beatles get all the profits? Get my drift? Looking back all of it was a publicity gimmick now long past and quaint. Today’s brainwashing advertisements are slyer about pimping their sewage into people’s heads. Even old ‘Elvis the pelvis’ live performances had crowds of old ladies wetting their knickers while squawking at him except with a new twist: they threw their bras and underwear at him while on stage. Yuck...makes one wonder how many of those ladies things were ‘loaded,’ if you know what I mean – their wet panties not the old ladies. I expect both had that in common - loaded. I have observed women in ‘heat of the moment’ do some mighty raunchy stuff not even a man would think about! Voof, a woman’s mindset is truly a mystery. Hormones, they always blame it on hormones or PMS. Why not? If women libbers can burn their bras, why not allow the old ladies at Elvis concerts to do the opposite by wetting them proper; then remove and toss the wet dainties at an idol and air dry her ‘goodies’ on the spot. Wouldn’t want to miss anything while at the loo with Elvis on stage! Toss the soiled stuff at him and save all that trouble washing undies on laundry day; now that is liberation, labor saving, and good for the

environment, too! Plus the freshness of, air dried, ‘goodies’ that not even ‘Summers Eve’ can outdo. Only in America can Madison Avenue dream up stuff like that, and sell it!! When media advertises some product or service that convinces women audiences Brand-X will recreate her as ‘Cleopatra’ complete with big boobs and that everybody else is doing it, soon so is Ms. ‘Me-too.’ Money is no object! Refinance the house, car, sell the kids just give me ‘beauty,’ NOW! Such fads are obvious in public & office settings. Should a woman act, dress and carry self in a striking, head turning, manner attracting notice, soon most of the other office women are doing so, too – all for attention. Can’t have **Ms. Cleo** hogging all the notice! Envy, vanity, desire to be the office ‘star goddess’ like the queen office diva who causes men to pant, faint and drool as she passes is hated by the plain Jane’s until they can best ‘Lola’ at this game. It is petty, bitch-shit, ‘me-too,’ attention-seeking, competition. Those who cannot compete – self-console selves by secretly, enviously, plotting and fuming until she can cut Ms. Beautiful into dog meat: ‘Oh, Marge, did you see the Salvation Army dress ‘Ms. Skank’ wore today.....and ‘her highness’ wore that hair to bed again,’ ...get my drift? My dad always said, ‘women primp & dress-up for other women.’ An odd idiom that puzzled me for a very long time as did most of what he said until I began observing *she-beast* behavior using my head above the girdle. Yep, old dad was right...men simply got seconds, which is status quo between men and women when playing her petty vanity fair games. Government, Social engineers, advertisers, politicians, meat-packing, market players – aka “pussy hounds,” and more all know this irrelevant aspect of feminine nature. They exploit her to a fault as useful idiots furthering their agendas. History is full of such examples; you would think that she-beasts would have grown wise to it by now. You would think.....

“I think the Universe and human stupidity are infinite, but I am unsure about the Universe.” Albert Einstein.

'She's something of cunt, ain't she doc.' From *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

